

NewThoughtLibrary.com provides free New Thought metaphysical books to the entire world.
New Thought - Ancient Wisdom can be taught around the world using books from this library.

replay

New Thought Library
Keys to Success

Get more free pdf's
@ NewThoughtLibrary.com
or read the whole library online

New Thought - Ancient Wisdom

about Us new Additions great Links list of Authors list of Books

We have searched the world buying rare and wonderful New Thought Texts in the Public Domain to bring them to you to read on the web at no charge! We provide these books to empower you with happiness and success. We trust that as you benefit from the knowledge in these books you will support your free library with donations.

New Thought Library Divine Tao Serving New Thought Find A Center The Gospels.org

Self Healing by Elizabeth Towne - 1905

[Library Home](#) - [Elizabeth Towne's Bio](#) - [More Authors](#) - [More Texts](#)



ELIZABETH TOWNE'S Experiences in Self-Healing BY HERSELF

"I am an acme of things accomplished, and I am an encloser of things to be."

"I celebrate myself, and sing myself, And what I assume you shall assume, For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you."

- WALT WHITMAN.

L . N. FOWLER & CO., LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, ENGLAND
PUBLISHED BY THE ELIZABETH TOWNE CO., INC., HOLYOKE,

MASS. 1923

DEDICATED TO HER FATHER - JOHN HALSEY JONES

Copyrighted, March, 1905, by Elizabeth Towne

Now in the Public Domain

Notes from New Thought Library:

We appreciate your support of our work. This library is your library and we are happy to bring these works to you. We trust these works will support you on your spiritual journey and that when you are able you can support this endeavor. All graphics within these pdf's and the library are links to additional free resources to support your journey. They are not advertisements. Some of them are New Thought News resources that will enable you to get better information about New Thought programs around the globe. They are free. Use them, share them and let us know how we can make them better.

Each of the PDF's produced by the [New Thought](#) teams around the world include the original page numbers & additional information in the original text. We check and recheck them to insure their accuracy vis-a-vis the original. We include links to insure that you can jump back to the library when there are citations of other New Thought writers & internal navigation to insure each PDF is easy to use. The Library is an open source creation and allows for you to copy and paste from the texts and make citations of individual pages. We are constantly working on improvements to insure you have a better experience. Your input is appreciated.

We are adding PDF's all the time to the library as we process new books and upgrade others. With time, there will be more e-books formats and audio productions read by volunteer professionals. All for free!

We are a non-denominational [New Thought](#) ministry. We support all the denominations, independent New Thought centers & ministries around the globe. Our work has prompted some wonderful changes in the approach of organizations to the sharing of New Thought works. When we began the Library, one New Thought organization was upset that we were giving away these public domain works for free and asking for your assistance in this project. This might be because they were and might still be charging \$2 per page for texts. Another organization was motivated by our work to create an archive of their own. In the face of the fact that NewThoughtLibrary.com and its mirrors are free, they changed their plans to charge you \$200 a year and now offer their archive for free if you give them your personal information, email etc.. Many of their pdf's are locked and one is unable to copy and paste from them.

The PDF's produced by New Thought Library are created to support your journey They have loads of features to enhance ease of use. It takes a great deal of work to properly process these texts, but we give them to you for free and keep working to archive more works for you. Share them with your friends and family. We ask that you do not decompile, alter them or sell them. They were produced with love, compassion and kindness for free. Share them with kindness and compassion for free with anyone you wish.

When you can, please contribute. It is through your contributions that we are able to maintain the library, pay for the servers and process more works for your journey.

Don't forget that if you wish to view the original page scans, go to the library and click the yellow page scan link in the lower left hand corner of each page of the book.

If you thinking about taking some [New Thought Classes](#) be sure and check out [DivinitySchool.net](#) to get an overview of the various New Thought educational programs and classes available.

There are over ten denominations of [New Thought](#). Some of them include: [DivineUnity](#), [Foundation for Better Living](#), [Religious Science & Unity](#). There is a [full list](#) of them with contact info at [FindACenter.com](#) & its mirrors.

We trust you enjoy this work produced for you by [NewThoughtLibrary.com](#) / [NewThoughtArchives.com](#)

To insure your uninterrupted access to these works we are creating mirrors at: [DivineLibrary.org](#) - USA Central

[NewThoughtLibrary.net](#) / [NewThoughtArchives.net](#) - USA East,

[NewThoughtLibrary.org](#) / [NewThoughtArchives.org](#) - Europe

[NewThoughtLibrary.info](#) / [NewThoughtArchives.info](#) - Singapore

You can jump to the top of chapters by clicking below

Chapters: (click on a chapter to leap to it, or scroll down the page)

Contents

1. **[I. Primitive Healing - p.3](#)**
2. **[II. The Darkest Hour - p.9](#)**
3. **[III. The Dawn - p.14](#)**
4. **[IV. Brighter and Brighter - p.20](#)**
5. **[V. Spiritual Tides - p.27](#)**
6. **[VI. Just How - p.32](#)**



Click on  to return to the top of the Contents



Need a daily spiritual boost?

Try DivineJournal.com

Another free resource to support your spiritual journey!

Chapter 1 - Primitive Healing - p.3

My first remembered experience in self-healing occurred nineteen years ago, before I had ever heard of a new thought, or even of Christian Science; and before I had ever dreamed there could be any healing except by calomel and quinine. And yet I healed myself, and I knew when I did it.

But I did not think. It did not occur to me then that there was any discrepancy between the old teaching that healing resulted from something swallowed, and the fact that I was healed without having swallowed anything unusual. Perhaps I was "too young" to reason much; I was scarcely 18 years old. But I was not too young to feel and act upon the impressions which came to me, and to all children, from the universal and immanent spirit of wisdom.

It was this way. I, being but 18, was yet a wife of over three years, and Catherine was a baby. The first two years of our married life we lived with the best mother- and father-in-law a girl could have; and then, when Catherine was a year old, we went to housekeeping. Our new house was a present from my own father (my own mother died when I was nine years old), and was built after my ideas, which were entirely too large and not quite so practical as they have since become. So there I was, a mere child, with absolutely no experience at house-keeping, and with a baby, and

3

I had set myself down in a spick and span new home to do all the work. It never occurred to me that I had bitten off more than I could comfortably and gracefully masticate.

Of course I couldn't do it. But I did my little best. I flew at my work as a puppy flies at things. I pulled and pushed and shook things, then I took a long breath and flew at them again. I arose at six in the morning and I hustled until midnight, and still that house refused to stay spick and span. The baby had a clean dress every day and her face and hands were washed every ten minutes or so, and yet she was never spick and span. Hustle as I could I simply could not make my house and my baby, let alone my husband, come up to my ideals. I flew at things all the harder. Before my breakfast dishes were washed in the morning I was trembling like poplar leaves in the wind. I began to have dizzy spells and heart failures and bilious spells, and I was afraid crazy spells would follow. I was weighted with the mill-stones of things undone, I was discouraged and shaky and had queer feelings in my head.

But I had set upon myself the habit of hurry and worry and I couldn't stop. So on I flew, until the queer feelings and spells waked in me a horrible fear that I was going insane.

I could have hustled right along until both feet were in the grave and then laid me down serenely in a martyr's crown. I wouldn't have minded a bit if I had died trying to keep my house and baby clean. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Struble, was that kind of a woman herself and I had taken on her ideals. But she was naturally practical and had been trained to

4

house-work, and she was strong. Her fine housekeeping was the ideal I tried to objectify. And the martyr spirit was in me. I used to read all sorts of tales where the hero or heroine gave up their lives to duty --- read them and glory in them and wish, WISH life would prove me like that. When I declaimed "Casabianca" or "Barbara Frietchie" I lived them. So if I had thought my house and baby would make a martyr of me I'd have gloried in it and hurried and worried on to my fate.

But to go insane was ignominious, and besides I did not like the idea. It was always the villain, or "Rochester's wife," who went insane. The heroes and "Jane Eyre" stayed sane and "suffered" and met death. I longed to "suffer" and meet death. But insanity --- well, the thought of it dampened my ardor, and I made up my mind that I must break that hurry and worry habit. I don't know how I knew that it was that which was breaking me down, but I did know it. My house-work ideals became a matter of second consideration. All the will I had been putting into that was now turned to demolish the hurry habit. I said to myself, "This must stop, even if everything else stops with it; I will work steadily and quietly, or not at all." I drew a chair up beside the sink and told myself that the moment I caught myself hurrying, down I would go into that chair and stay there until I could quit trembling and work quietly. Well, at first I would have to sit down three or four times before I could finish my breakfast dishes. It seemed utterly impossible for me to work quietly. But I was determined, and I was egged on by that spectre of insanity. I was afraid not to conquer.

5

Fear is a good thing. It keeps growing and growing until it becomes such a monstrous bugaboo that you are scared into right doing. Fear never bothers you if you are doing right; that is, if you are living according to the law of your being. I had been trying to live according to the law of my mother-in-law's being, and I needed a good scare. I got it.

I healed myself of the hurry and worry habit and all its attendant ills. I was on the verge of nervous prostration and I healed myself, by stopping the cause of nervous prostration. To stop the cause of a disease is to heal the disease.

As I conquered this hurry habit I made a startling discovery, all by myself, before I ever heard of such a thing as the new thought. I thought I had to hurry you know, because there was so much to be done. As I got over the hurry habit I made the discovery that I could do more without hurrying, than I ever managed to do in my days of wildest hustling; and I could do it with ease and pleasure. Hurry is sheer waste of energy and defeats its own end. The hurrier slops over half his energy and misdirects a good share of the remaining half. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

In the cultivation of quietness and confidence lies the self-healing of nervous prostration.

* * * *

My second case of self-healing occurred likewise before I had ever heard of such a thing. It was two or three years later than the other. Having healed myself of the hurry habit and incipient nervous prostration I had gone on fairly well with my housework,

6

and there was a second baby to take care of --- Chester, my big boy. I delighted in making pretty clothes for my children. Such stacks of sewing and crocheting as I used to do in those days !

It was the sewing habit which showed me my second case for self-healing. One day I waked up to the fact that I had a great "Saratoga" almost filled with unfinished garments for those two blessed babies! Things cut out and rolled up ready to sew, dresses half made, garments all done but button holes --- which I was not fond of making --- little things by the score, and many of them had been there for two or three years. All at once it flashed over me that I didn't stick to things. Probably I had been told that many times, but I never realized it until that moment. I resolved to cure that forthwith, and to begin on that trunkful of garments and stick to it until the last stitch was taken. I told myself that not another new stitch should be bought until that trunk was emptied, and at it I went. It was hard work to keep at it, and it was harder still to keep from buying pretty pieces of goods and trimmings which I saw in the shop windows, but I did stick until every garment was done to the very last buttonhole. Some of the little dresses were too small for either baby, so long had they lain there, but I finished them up for other people's babies. And how happy I was when the bottom of

that trunk was reached and that habit conquered. For I knew in my inmost heart that "lack of continuity" would never again trouble me. And it never has, though every phrenologist who has "read my bumps" has told me that there is only a hollow where that faculty should be.

7

Of course I have been many times since then tempted to drop a thing before it was finished; just as I have many times broken my habit of quietness and confidence by a momentary hurry; but the habit of slighting things, like the habit of hurry, was healed by steady, persistent effort at being what I wanted to feel myself. I ACTED what I DESIRED to feel, and feeling followed.

In all the years I have lived and healed since then I have discovered no profounder principle than that --- to act what one desires to feel.

The reverse of this is likewise true --- act what you do not want to feel, and you will come to feel it. I could, by acting hurry and lack of continuity, again bring upon myself those old dis-eases; just as I could by living in the old ways bring back any sort of disease. But I do not desire to go back to the old ways. I not only do not desire to hurry and to leave things undone but I know from experience that it is. painful to do so. If I had been told all this it is doubtful if I could have believed it, but having lived the experience I know it, and there could be no temptation to return to the old ways. Having done the "will of the Father" I KNOW too much to ever want to go back to the old habits. I am healed to stay.

And I healed myself. No one taught me how, or helped me. The spirit in me, of which I then knew nothing at all, showed me wherein I needed healing, and prompted me to take the right course to accomplish the work. To act health is to "express health." It makes no

8

difference whether you know what you are doing or not; it makes no difference what sort of theories or lack of theories you may hold; the one abiding law is: To ACT health is to express it --- to press it out. By acting health we press it out where it can be seen and felt; out of the subjective into the objective world. All things are within us. By acting them we press them out where we can feel, see, touch, taste and hear them.

I have told you these first two remembered cases (all one's life is a series of self-healings) that you may see how simple a thing it all is. There is nothing "miraculous" or "divine" about it, except as all not- understood things are miraculous, and all things divine. Self-healing is a perfectly natural thing, and is done daily, hourly, momentarily, by all peoples of the earth. But, like myself in those early days, most people do not know they are healing themselves. They think it "just happened so," or else they think nothing at all about it --- as I did then. They respond subconsciously to the promptings of the immanent spirit of health, and think not at all.

9a



[Return to the Top](#)

[Return to the Top](#)

Help us process more books to support your journey

Click here to give your support to New Thought Library

But there came a time when I had to think. Life was proving itself but a succession of blasted ideals and useless effort. "Things went wrong" --- that is, they failed to go as I expected them to.

9b

It takes something besides expectation to bring things to pass.

Things went from bad to worse. I contracted the worry habit and I fancy I had always been subject to the habit of fault-finding, though I did not then realize it. It is these critical, self-righteous, well-meaning people, you know, who get all their ideals smashed and are disappointed in life. They are subconsciously certain they know just how everybody ought to behave and as nobody behaves as they expect, and they can't make them over, they are grievously disappointed in all, themselves included. That was me all over. I tried and tried to make over my husband, my children, my friends, my house, and even my clothes and myself. I strained and strove. The sole result was that I spoiled my temper and my health, and my husband, children, friends grew more and more contrary. They were too individual to be made over.

And I was too positive and self-righteous to give it up. I kept on until I felt I had not a friend in the world, let alone a real husband or child. I developed heart trouble, and chronic sore throat and nervous headaches, punctuated by acute attacks of all sorts of things from "malaria" to diphtheria. And my nerves were torn to tatters. If it had not been for magnificent natural recuperative power born of ever-springing subconscious hope, I would have died, or killed myself. Nobody who has not been through the same hell can imagine half the tortures of such a life. And it took years to go through this hell and arrive at the culmination of all things, as it seemed to me then and does yet.

10

It was literally the culmination of things --- I had never found a principle to live by. Life was to me a jumble of things, useless, conflicting, torturing. All my good intentions came to naught and things and people were perverse. My heart troubled me so I made all preparations for sudden death. My headaches grew so frequent and severe that I thought I would surely go insane if I didn't die. I was afraid to live, and I was afraid to die. Not afraid of what might come to me after death, but what might overtake my motherless children, though goodness knows what I thought I could save them from, having so utterly failed to bring them or myself up as I meant to.

So I went to the depths of despair. I had tried my best and failed utterly. There was no place to turn. Of course, nobody knew all this. I was too proud to tell anything. Every Sunday I put on my accustomed manner and took my usual place in the church choir, even when my throat troubled me so that I had to leave before the sermon commenced.

All this time I was agnostic as to religion and sceptical as to a divine and superhuman power. But when I got to the end of my own power I was not so anxious to deny a God-power. Everything else having failed me, my own wisdom and power and intentions included, I began to wish there might be something or other to help me out of my self-digged miry pit of despond.

I ended by believing in a power and purpose behind things, and I set myself diligently to seek the kingdom of Good and to be right with it. I let go all the old things and started anew, with the new testament as

11

a guide. I quit trying to make my children, my husband and myself be good. I quit trying to "run things." In despair I had to let them be just what they chose to be. All this energy which had been turned toward making people and things over I now turned toward finding out why they were as they were. Instead of vainly trying to control man's ways I set myself to find out God's way. As soon as I let go I "found peace," as the exhorter expressed it; which is a mightily apt term for expressing that state of mind. To let go of material things, of visible things, is to "find peace," which is always the result of adjustment to things as they are. I now adjusted myself, instead of trying to adjust others. Or rather, I let go, and

found that I was already adjusted. Having failed miserably with the things which are seen I washed my hands of them and turned my attention to the things which are not seen. I turned from the body to the soul. Every time I caught myself troubling about things, and the acts of persons, I again washed my hands of it all and went back to the unseen. I reasoned that if there is a power over all, then all must be as that power ordains; that there are reasons for things which I could not fathom. I came to the conclusion that at least I must act as if "Whatever is, is right." --- I must trust that it is, even when it seems all wrong. I grew a little glimmer of hope that the world was not so topsy turvy and perverse as I had imagined.

So I went on trusting in God, and diligently seeking him. I tried more and more to adjust myself to the Law of Love, letting others do as they would. And I found, dearies, by this course of acting as if

12

God is, that he, or It, really is, and that he is a "rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Of course all my "rewards" were at first "spiritual." That is, I grew in peace. For the first time in my life I saw real and stable results from my efforts, though the results were not then visible to others, and only visible to me by the "inner eye" or sense of feeling. I felt better than ever before in my life, felt quieter inside. And after a few months of this new kind of letting go-life I began to really see outward changes. There was less friction in my home life, and my children "behaved" better. There were relapses to be sure, and I too had relapses, but on the whole, my home life was distinctly improving. So I really began to see that trusting, letting go, being still, could accomplish what years of striving had never even begun.

In a little while more it was borne in upon me that the striving had postponed the thing I strove for. Striving had destroyed the peace and harmony I so intensely longed for. And I had done the striving! Being a positive, strong, whole-souled worker in any line, I had by my intense striving done more than anybody else toward making inharmony! Of course, being just that kind of a whole-souled, positive worker and having seen my mistake, I now threw all my immense energy on the other side. I made it my business day and night to live love, and peace, to let go and trust. I worked with "my might." I let go of every thing 1,000 times a day, and in every thought of my life I tried to be God-like --- "perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." It was the one aim of my life.

13

[Return to the Top](#)  [Return to the Top](#)

Help us process more books to support your journey

Click here to give your support to New Thought Library

Chapter 3 - The Dawn - p.14

When we do things with our whole soul it does not take long to accomplish something. I lived in the "Sermon on the Mount" night and day, until I found the spirit of it. I concluded that the gist of the whole Bible is this : "The spirit shall lead the individual into all truth," the "spirit" being God, or Love, the spirit of each of us. This much of the Bible I grasped, but the rest of it, and the conflicting teachings of theologians, were to me as had been all of life thus far, but a mass of meaningless contradictions. Then it occurred to me to let the spirit enlighten me as to the meaning of the Bible and of life. So I let go all my old ideas and opinions of everything --- I turned my agnosticism on things, and clung to the one principle I had found.

I had heard of "faith healing" --- and repudiated it, as I repudiated all things I did not know about. Now I began to apply my principle; --- how did I know there could be no faith healing? --- the spirit had not even been asked about it So I wiped off my prejudice and said, "Spirit, lead me into the knowledge of how to be well and how to heal." Then I began to understand.

As soon as I let go and began to rely upon the spirit of truth within me I felt for the first time in my short and agitated life, a real peace.

Of course my "general health" immediately improved. But the headaches and the sore throats and the heart attacks kept recurring. And my irritability

14

persisted. I was healed of my restlessness and the heaviest of my fears. I "trusted all to God." But the effects of past agonies were still with me. I needed more healing.

It was about this time that I heard of "divine healing" and came into touch with Unity, by which I was greatly helped. The spirit was leading me. So I became deeply embued with the healing idea. I wanted to be a healer. But I was ashamed to set up as a healer until I had healed myself of heart trouble and sore throat and the catching-cold-habit. So I went to treating myself for dear life, with all the choice Unity formulas and my own besides. But in spite of all I could do my heart would turn over at times, and the colds would come and my tonsils swell. All my solemn little denials and affirmations apparently affected me not at all.

Then one day it occurred to me to "trust the spirit" to heal me in its own good time and place, whilst I set myself to treat other folks. I was afraid and ashamed to let anyone know I meant to heal others, because I was myself so manifestly unhealed. So I treated people in secret.

I had read Thomson J. Hudson's splendid book, "Law of Psychic Phenomena," and I began to "send my subjective mind" to heal whilst I slept. Hudson records having treated 100 "incurables" in this way, and every one got well.

For the sake of convenience, Hudson divides the human being into two minds --- the waking or objective mind, and the mind which rules when we sleep, which he calls subjective. To the Subjective mind he attributes

15

practically unlimited power and wisdom, which he says is subject to suggestions from the objective mind. So just before going to sleep he (objective self) talks to his subjective mind as if it were a separate individual; he directs it to do certain work whilst he (objective self) sleeps. To each of these 100 incurables in succession he sent his subjective for healing, one person to a night. And all responded and recovered.

So I set to work as Hudson had, to treat incurables. My first case was that of a two year old child who was dying of spinal meningitis. I had often seen its father, who was a train conductor, but I knew neither parent, nor the child. A neighbor of mine told me about the doctors giving the child up after 2 days of terrible rigor. It was the most hopeless case I had heard of and most pitiful, so I tried Hudson's method. That night I mentally talked to my subjective self something like this : "Now, Subjective, you are God; there is nothing you can't do; you can heal this child who is past all human help; you can, you CAN; I have no faith in you at all --- not a speck; it seems preposterous to me to think you can do anything without hands or feet or drugs; I haven't an atom of faith in you; but that doesn't matter --- you are you and my faith or not-faith is nothing to you; GO now, in spite of everything, and HEAL that child; I don't know how you are to do it, but you must do it; go and heal her; go and heal her; go --- and --- heal --- her; --- go --- " --- and I went comfortably off to sleep.

Next morning I waked feeling as I fancy Eve must have felt the first time she opened her eyes on paradise and Adam, with no shame and no fig leaf between

16

herself and God. I never felt so strong and buoyant before in my life.

I didn't dare ask about the child, for fear my neighbor would think I had been treating it. But two or three days later she accosted me on the street and asked me point blank if I had treated that child. I answered her question with another --- "Why?" --- and she told me the whole town and the doctors were marvelling over what had healed the child, for it was well; and it was her surmise that I had been treating it.

That was the first of many. Every time I heard of a case of sickness I "sent my subjective." The only one who failed to get well was a young girl who was far gone with tuberculosis. I did not hear of her until it was said she would not live the month out. The night I sent my subjective to her (she never knew me, or that I tried to heal her) she had a dream in which an angel appeared and told her she would heal her. For several weeks the girl seemed to take a new lease of life. But eventually she passed on. I believe if proper diet and breathing exercises had been used with the mental treatment, that girl would have recovered.

In addition to sending the subjective to these people I treated them daily. After the children were off to school I "went into the silence" with a written list of all my "patients." I began by "concentrating" for 15 or 20 minutes on one idea, such as "I am love," or "I and the Father are one," or "God is love," or just simply "Love." The idea of love was one I clung to persistently --- or perhaps it clung to me --- for the reason that I seemed to myself to be a most unloving

17

person, and I longed to love, everything and everybody, and most of all my work, the daily routine work I hated. I wanted to be like God, and I had read that he is Love. So I dwelt much upon Love, its nature and uses and how to be it. I went into the silence with some love-statement, and tried to rest my mind upon it until I became still --- until nothing "worldly" intruded.

When I first began this practice I made sorry work of it. My outside thoughts seemed to swirl around and around the love-statement, as water will swirl if you stir it around and around in a pail. You know there will seem to be a still place in the center of the pail, whilst the water races dizzily around it. So the thoughts in my mind would swirl around that love-statement until I was far more conscious of the outside thoughts than of the center one I was trying to "hold." Sometimes I would sit for half an hour and hardly lose consciousness of the swirl for a minute. But every time I caught my attention running around the circumference I brought it firmly back to the center, and went on thinking, or rather resting, in the still love-statement. The more agitated my thoughts were when I sat down, with hurry or worry or impatience, the longer it took to get "into the silence" --- which means simply to get still, mentally and physically.

But practice makes perfect, and I kept at it until I could go almost instantly into the silence, at any hour of day or night --- unless I had been particularly disturbed or excited to begin with. Then I had to wait longer for my thoughts to run down, before I could get into the silence.

18

Well, each morning after I sat down and let myself get still I took up my "patients" one by one and "treated" them. That is, I said over the name of one and then tried to imagine her whole and straight and bright, the perfect woman. To this mental picture of the perfect woman I would then begin to talk mentally, as if I really saw her and was describing her to herself. Something like this: "Why, Mary, you are glorious! You are perfect! You are beautiful, and strong, and good clear through. You are one with God, and you smile and realize your goodness and wisdom and power. All you desire is yours and you rejoice. You are loving, kind, as well as wise and powerful. You are ideal, Mary, and your own comes to you!" Then I would take up the next one in the same way. Sometimes if I could not lose consciousness of their diseases I would deny each one in detail, as if I were wiping out a picture. "You are not weak --- your liver is not torpid --- your stomach is not a weak one --- etc." Then I would picture the perfect woman, or man, as the case might be, and call it by the "patient's" name, describing to it all its perfections.

To deny a thing is to wipe it out. To affirm a thing is literally to make it firm. Both things are done in imagination and

responded to in reality. When imagination held an imperfect image I denied it away in detail; when I succeeded in imagining a beautiful, perfect picture I affirmed it. The longer I worked at this the less denying and more affirming I did, because by practice I gained control of my imagination, and it grew easier to conjure up the sort of pictures I wanted to see and affirm.

19

[Return to the Top](#)  [Return to the Top](#)



Chapter 4 - Brighter and Brighter - p.20

The treatment of others is such an absorbing topic that I have told you a lot more than I meant to about it. It is self-healing we are supposed to be talking about.

But this very divergence on my part is a good illustration of the way I really in those days forgot my own ills in healing, or trying to heal, others. I grew so absorbed in my experiments on this line that I completely forgot I had a heart that flopped and stood still on occasion; or nervous headaches which made me feel as if my head bulged and then shrunk, bulged and shrunk, like a big, fat, soft, sore pulp of a heart, instead of a bony bowl with gumption in it. I forgot too that I might catch a cold and have sore tonsils. I was delightfully absorbed in healing others, and as a means to this end I was spending all my nights and several hours of every day in "concentrating," "holding the thought," denying, affirming, "sending the subjective," and reading and meditating over all the literature I could find touching the healing idea. I became absolutely "consecrated" to the work of healing. Everything in my life which came between me and healing had to go. I found that impatience and hurry and worry all made it hard for me to "go into the silence," so I set myself to let go, that I might be steady in mind I found that to rush around physically, no matter for what purpose, had the result of stirring me up mentally. So I set myself to control all my movements as well as my thoughts.

20

I found also that my housework did not interfere with my healing. Everything I did afforded me an opportunity to control my movements, and this all conduced to mental control. I began to go about all my work as if I carried on my head a jar of precious fluid which I must be most careful not to spill. I "walked softly," and all my movements began to take on a grace and gentleness and precision which they had never before known. All the old, head-long, jerky motions by which so many little household "accidents" were always occurring, must be stopped in order to prevent the slopping over of that precious fluid.

You see, every one of us does carry a precious fluid which, if he would be healthy and full of the joy of living, must not be slopped about carelessly. Instead of carrying it in a jar on our heads we carry it inside our heads, and in every nerve of the body. And every jerky, careless, heedless, thought-less, unintentioned motion is a slopping over and wasting of this force. Hurry and worry, impatience and carelessness are robbing you of your God-power. You are literally by careless motions, slopping yourself over.

Concentration is the cure, and concentration is simply being still. Instead of wasting your energy by unnecessary jiggings and joggings, impatient tappings of feet or fingers, rockings to and fro, jerky movements, twitchings and

twistings, if you will set yourself to cut off all these little leakages you will 'find the tide of your energy rising higher and higher until you feel and realize that you have energy enough and to spare, for anything you want to undertake.

21

Of course all this jiggling and joggling of body is caused by an unquiet, uncontrolled mind, and the cure for it lies in quieting, controlling and directing the mind.

In all my experience at mental control I have found no aid so great as that of making the mind follow the bodily movements. The motions of an unrestful mind are not only very jerky and wasteful, but they are exceedingly quick. Such a mind vibrates with the speed and destructiveness of lightning, and the owner simply cannot compel it to be absolutely quiet. But he can direct its movements, to a very great extent. By directing the mind to follow the bodily motions, which are infinitely slower than mental motions, he can accomplish great things toward quieting the mind. By a little practice the mind catches the slower, more regular vibrations of the body, after which it is quite possible to still further quiet it to a complete standstill --- as in "making the mind a blank."

When you know that the entirely uncontrolled mind is the insane mind, at the mercy of any and all outside influences, you realize the importance and necessity of mind control, and you see the great value of that simple little every-day practice of making the mind follow bodily acts.

It is in gaining control of the mind that work is the greatest blessing of mankind. "Ah, little reeks the laborer,

How near his work is holding him to God. The loving Laborer through time and space."

The universe is one Great Mind which is in process

22

of being self-controlled. You have your little corner of the Great Mind to control, and I have mine. And creation is all the really controlled mind there is. Outside of that all is as yet uncontrolled mind.

All that part of you which goes flitting and jiggling at the mercy of outward conditions, is an enormous but uncontrolled force. It is a force great enough to create millions of times more than you have yet created. But of what value is it until you can use it at will, instead of letting it run away with you at its own caprice? Undirected mind is simply undirected lightning.

To gain control of this immense unused power is the object of all thought, all creation and all uncreation. Mind comes into control through action, through work. Mind builds and moves all things. Mind continually re-builds and refines them as it is better controlled.

Having directed mind once to make the movements of scrubbing up a kitchen floor, it becomes easier to direct it again in the same way. You thus become able to direct your mind to scrubbing a floor when you are totally unable to direct it in some other line. Consequently when your mind gets "all stirred up" and apparently beyond your control, if you will just begin your controlling at the easiest place --- if you will set your mind to scrubbing up the floor in the very best possible manner, following painstakingly every movement, you will find by the time the floor is done, that your mind is much quieter and more docile than when you began. If it is not yet quiet enough, go direct it to more work, and keep at it until you can get your mind under full control : --- that, is, until you

23

can think of the old disturbing thing without getting "worked up."

When you are "worked up" you literally tear things up just as lightning does. You tear out by the roots many of the

results of past patient effort. You are really insane at such times, and you do yourself, your body, far greater damage than you dream of. Not only this, but you have for the time being lost control of the only force which is able to make right the wrong you are so stirred up about.

Whilst you are in this uncontrolled, insane condition of mind you can do nothing but damage --- damage to yourself, as well as mayhap to others.

Therefore get quiet. The quickest, surest way to get quiet is the one I have indicated --- by directing your mind to the doing of things it is used to doing, until you have it again under command.

Mind is not only the only power but the only wisdom for directing its power. "Oh, what shall I do ? " --- you exclaim to yourself, when you are "worked up" about something. Whilst you are agitated the answer is always some violent thing --- "Smash! Tear! KILL'," it says, and it is not particular what is smashed or torn, or who is killed. "Oh, what shall I do !" and you rave and rage and wring your hands and "work yourself up" a little more. And the answer is always something unreasonable, and if you follow it you are invariably sorry or ashamed afterward.

Never say "What shall I do" whilst you are "worked up." Go scrub the kitchen floor and see how well you can do it. Direct all that worked up energy into the doing of something you know you can never

24

be sorry for. If scrubbing the floor is not vigorous enough outlet for your worked up energy of mind try Splitting wood. Better scrub, or split wood, than give somebody a tongue lashing you might regret. After you have quieted your mind to the homely and useful vibrations of scrubbing the floor the thing you were so worked up over will have shrunk amazingly. Instead of being the biggest thing in the universe, the inflated vision of a crazed mind and imagination, it will come down to its normal size and assume its real place. You will feel quiet, ready to think the thing over without getting "worked up."

Now is your time to say "Oh, what shall I do?" --- to your mind. But this time, instead of walking up and down and wringing your hands and distorting your face into all sorts of wild and crazy expressions whilst you ask, you will sit with relaxed muscles and nerves and quiet face, and ask quietly but firmly, "What shall I do?" And the probability is you will get no answer --- which means simply that your mind, now under some control, says to you, "Not yet--not yet --- forget --- let go --- you are not ready to do anything." You are not yet quite ready to do anything which afterward you will be proud of.

Now if you are a sensible person you will do as you are bid --- you will let the thing pass and do nothing about it. But you will go on and live your best life as if the thing had never been.

Then some day, after you haven't thought of the old bug-a-boo for a long time, it will suddenly all recur to you. And you will again ask "What shall I do?" But this time you will smile as you ask it,

25

ever so gently. And your face will shine a little with a peaceful surprise at yourself --- surprise that you no longer care what the answer is and you no longer care that the thing happened. And now you are ready and behold you hear the answer, and it is this : "Be kind." And you think of a kind thing to do, and you do it. And ever after when you remember it all, and especially when you remember that you were kind, you are glad, glad, deep down in your heart of hearts, and in your soul. And your face takes on a sweeter expression, and your eyes shine with a deeper beauty than was ever seen there before.

Now all this is certain to happen just as I have pictured it, no matter what is the cause of your getting "worked up." You will invariably be sorry for following the advice of a worked up mind, no matter whether the cause of the agitation was something that somebody else did, or that you did, or whether it was worked up by anxiety or worry or hurry or fear of anything or anybody. A worked up mind is ever a blind guide and leads you into the ditch.

But a quiet mind is the true guide whose leadings you will always be glad you followed. Wait until you are still, and smiling, and willing, before you say, "What shall I do?" --- or at least before you follow the directions.

26



[Return to the Top](#)

[Return to the Top](#)

Help us process more books to support your journey

Click here to give your support to New Thought Library

Chapter 5 - Spiritual Tides - p.27

As I gave myself up more and more to the healing of others I tried more faithfully to control my mind. It was in doing this that I learned what I have just been telling you. And by the practice of it I gained almost perfect control over my "temper," besides increasing immeasurably my power to heal.

And then it was I discovered that I was myself healed. My heart had ceased to flop and my tonsils to swell, and I no more took cold at the slightest provocation or none at all. And my old headaches were gone forever. Since then I have been no more subject to these things than has the healthiest person of all my readers. I am a healed woman.

Through gaining control of my mind by the practices here outlined to you, I gained control of my body. Body and mind are one

All this did not come about in a week or a month. I was a very impulsive, uncontrolled and uncontrollable young woman; my body fully showed forth my mental state by many chronic and acute diseased conditions which were always intense as I was intense; and it took time and work to correct all these mental and physical inharmonies.

It was two or three years at least from the time I went to treating others, before I was myself fully healed. And through all this time when the old attacks would come on again I went through all the feelings of discouragement and despair that any of my readers can imagine. It seemed at such times that

27

I was relapsing into the old state and never would be healed. I even doubted the whole principle of mind-healing and tried to give it all up and forget it.

But I could not. The truth held me, whether I held it or not. Every time I had a back-set I rose out of its discouragement and kept on trying.

After it was all over and I knew myself healed I could see that the whole thing was a matter of outgrowing. As I gained control of myself the old attacks grew lighter (though once in a while I would seem to have as bad an attack as ever) and less frequent, and finally they failed to come at all.

During all this time I never asked another to help me. Being a very materialistic, or rationalistic, individual I simply could not see how "absent treatment" could possibly reach me. It was through my own trials at absent treating that I came to

know that absent treatment does reach the patient, whether I could see the reasons and mode or not. But by the time I had convinced myself of this I had proved my own power to such an extent that pride held me to the purpose of healing myself without assistance from others.

One other thing had weight in holding me to this purpose --- the man to whom I was then married held mental science and healers, in utter contempt, and he likewise had "no money to throw away." Knowing this, my conscience kept me from using "his" money in ways he so bitterly or contemptuously disapproved. In those days I subconsciously held the old idea that a housewife lives off her husband's money, by more or less grudging charity on his part.

28

So, having no money of my own, I had nothing to tempt me from my desire to heal myself.

I am glad of it. I healed myself and I know how I did it. All healing is self-healing, but all is not consciously done. Only conscious knowledge makes one truly wise to help themselves and others.

Whilst I was going through these experiences there were many times I could not see that I was making headway in the new directions. I was like the Israelites who wandered in the wilderness. It seemed to take me 40 years to do what 40 days ought to suffice for. I seemed too, to wander around and come back to the same starting place, as people are said to do when lost in a wilderness. But every discouraged spell preceded another spell of trying, and on I went.

I know now what I never suspected then, that there are UNSEEN tides of spiritual force which work in and through, us, and which rise and fall, rise and fall, as do the tides of ocean. When these spiritual tides are rising we are impelled to greater activity and accomplishment. Then it is we congratulate ourselves that we are "growing." But as these spiritual tides ebb again we feel an inertia creeping through us; we don't want to try. We grow frightened at our own backslidings and imagine we are all wrong. And many times fear lashes us into desperate strivings, which only tire us and accomplish nothing at all. It is as if we had been joyously swimming with an incoming wave of the ocean, and then fought despairingly against the outflow as it struck us.

Now a wise swimmer never battles against the outflow. He works with the incoming wave; dives under its breaking crest; and then floats and rests and lets

29

the outflow carry him out with it. But he knows he will be again caught by an incoming wave, and that by taking advantage of it, by working, with it, he can swim much nearer in shore than he was before. So by resting on the outflow he gains power to work with the incoming wave, and thus reaches easily the shore. But the swimmer who grows afraid and battles desperately on through ebb and flow alike, will wear out his strength and go down.

Through all creation runs the same ebb and flow, ebb and flow, which you can see in the ocean. It is the life-pulse of creation. And there is in it pulse within pulse --- the long ebb and flow of spring and fall, the short ebb and flow at your own wrist. Just go there are long spiritual spring-flows and fall-ebbs, and there are the short daily ones you can easily feel. And there are infinitely smaller ones of which you are not yet conscious, but to which you subconsciously respond. The spiritual tides of the One-Power flow in all veins. We feel them, and respond, but we iv, yet only dimly understand.

But where we cannot understand we may trust. As I wandered in the wilderness of "ups and downs," as I descended from Transfiguration Mounts to deep Valleys of Shadows, and then ascended again, and yet was never quite lost, I learned more and more how to trust; until in time I came to KNOW that "all things work together for good" to those who work with them.

All nature works, and then rests; works and rests. I caught its rhythm and worked and rested with it. When I felt that inertia stealing over me, I rested;

30

and while resting my power recuperated --- the tide rose in me.

And every time I found my faith came true --- my power came in stronger than ever. And every time I was capable of more.

I feel these pulses of power in all I do. If I have writing to do and am not in the mood, I know that particular tide is ebbing. So I work for the time with the tide which is rising. If my writing-tide is ebbing my house-work-tide, or my reading-tide, or my visiting- tide, is ready to flow. So for the time I go with one of these, always with my finger on the pulse of the writing-tide. At the first sign of that rising I rise with it.

You see, whilst I rest with one tide, I may be working with another. It is not always necessary to rest all of our complex being at one time. As we gain control of ourselves we can often rest most effectually one part by exercising some other --- as we rest our writing-faculties by riding the bicycle. But this requires real self-control, gained by long practice at resting all over, and practice at using only the muscles really needed in each action. Such control is gained as a pianist gains control of his fingers. When he first begins to practice he finds that when he tries to strike a key with one finger all the other fingers make motions too. So he has to bend his mind very carefully down through his fingers, making each motion slowly and painstakingly, until he gets his other four fingers taught to rest whilst the one finger works. Else, you see, he would waste five fingers' energy in striking one key; and besides the waste there would be those four fingers all stirred up and unready to strike

31

their keys as the tide of his will rose into them. So we gain control of ourselves first by resting all over; then by resting all parts except the ones absolutely necessary to making the particular movements intended. Thus we recuperate one part whilst we use another. We work with one tide whilst waiting for another to rise. This keeps us always in trim for some kind of activity, either mental, physical or spiritual.

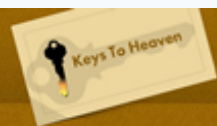
32a

[Return to the Top](#)  [Return to the Top](#)

Help us process more books to support your journey

Click here to give your support to New Thought Library

Chapter 6 - Just How - p.32



KeysToHeaven.com

The Keys that unlock the door to heaven within.

**A Spiritual practice is composed of one or more
of the 7 tools of transformation
Another free website to support your journey.**

Spiritual activity is what most people neglect, and they harp on the physical until their nerves are in tatters --- as mine were before I first "found peace." By spiritual activity I mean what [Helen Wilmans](#) calls "rising into the ideal brain." It is preceded by absolute relaxation of the body and brain itself. It is the getting away of attention from the manifest world

that it may rest in potential things. It is rising from the "world I Do" into the "world I AM" --- from the limited into the realm of the unlimited, where imagination and reason may stretch their wings and soar, and bring back Ideas, and Power, and Joy, and Life. We are so occupied with the manifold tides of physical activity that we fail to work with the spiritual tides which can lift us above the physical, and flow through and rejuvenate the physical activities.

Now you will doubtless ask me "just how" I "rise into the ideal" and "soar," so I had better tell you

32b

right here. At first there was not much "soaring" about it. I began by sitting for half an hour or so, leaving my body perfectly limp (usually I "sat" by lying full length on my back on the bed), and trying simply to imagine what Omnipresence meant, and to realize that I and Omnipresence are one and indivisible. Another day I took Omniscience in the same way; then Omnipotence; always trying to realize my oneness with all Presence, Wisdom and Power. Of course this was stupid work for a long time, and I had hard work to keep awake over it. And I had harder work to tear myself away from more substantial sorts of activity. Sometimes I did fail, but not often.

But one thing was always gained, even from the first sitting --- no matter how hard I found it to go away and take that half hour or so of spiritual exercise I never failed to rise from it feeling quiet and ready for anything, and full of kindness. And if I failed to take my half hour (it was my custom to do this early in the morning) I almost invariably had an unsatisfactory and often a stormy morning, when "everything went wrong." I learned after a time the real sense in John Wesley's habit of taking an extra long time the first thing in the morning for prayer, whenever he had a particularly hard day ahead. He would say, "I have so much to do today that I cannot possibly get through it all without at least three hours of prayer to begin with." That meant three hours of spiritual gymnastics to fill him with power For mental and physical effort. If he prayed as I have heard old fashioned preachers pray, using body and lungs as if God were a long way off and had to be exhorted and motioned to, I can easily understand

33

why he needed three hours instead of one, for prayer. He did not rest his body whilst exercising his spirit. He had not learned to let. But on the other hand, perhaps I would have been more quickly healed if I had used three hours instead of half an hour or so.

After I had kept up this spiritual exercising for some weeks or months I began to have a real realization of the meaning of those three sublime words, Omnipresence, Omniscience, Omnipotence, and of my own identity with their reality. Grand things, shining things, came to me, dearie --- things not possible to convey to you by tongue or pen; but things which are Omnipresent --- things which are in the ideal realm ready and waiting for you to realize, as I did.

Perhaps you will ask me how and where I feel these spiritual tides. Well, dearie, I feel them in my desires, in my "moods." A "writing mood" means that that tide is rising; a house-work mood means that tide is rising; a desire to read indicates the rising of still another tide; and so on ad infinitum. And a desire to sleep means a rest all over. I follow these inclinations religiously, in full faith that I am working with the spiritual tides of the universe --- that I am following "the spirit's leadings."

Right here I must tell you that my first trial at trusting and following these inclinations was a funny affair --- as I now see it! All my life until about ten years ago I had been a duty-servant to an abnormally developed conscience and caution. (These are really two sides of one faculty, and lie in the cranium as close bed-fellows; conscience being the soul, or spiritual self of caution.) I began every remark with "I must" --- "I must do this," and "I must do that."

34

And I lived always on a strain, trying to do what I felt I "must" do, and never, it seemed to me, able to do as I wished. When I came to that darkest hour when I seemed to be shipwrecked I let go even the "musts." I said to myself and God, "Now here I am given up to God --- I am all on the altar to stay; whatever desires God allows to stay in my heart I am going to follow and call them God's desires." You see, I was desperate. I had tried so hard and long to make myself have

"good" desires, and there were the same old ones stronger than ever. I supposed I knew what desires were "good," but since then I have learned that some I called "bad" were good, as for instance the desire to be happy and loved; but my false ideals of a righteous life included the doing of "duty" when it was hard, and the carrying of a solemn face and heart. These ideas, of course, I outgrew as I learned that God is love. And with such ideals it is no wonder I failed miserably in living up to them. They were unnatural standards of life. Well, I gave up trying and turned myself loose to follow whatever desires God let come into my heart. I was a little provoked and resentful too, to think the supreme power had not enabled me to follow out the standards I thought right. So I just washed my hands of the whole thing and told God if there was any making over he would have to do it.

What do you suppose was my first desire after I had thus dropped all responsibility for myself and the world? I wanted to sleep. I couldn't seem to sleep enough. "Well, I'll sleep then," I said --- "if God doesn't want me to sleep he can wake me up." So I slept. I would get up in the morning and get

35

breakfast. Catherine and Chester washed up the dishes and went to school and down I went onto the couch and slept, until noon. Then I got them a light lunch (their father did not come home at noon) and as soon as we had eaten it they went back to school again, and I to my couch, where I slept until almost night. And I went to bed at eight and never turned over until six in the morning. I let all my work go. My bed was open all day and spread up when I was ready to get into it. During the day when I was sleeping I would start up half awake every little while and think "Oh, I must get up and clean up this house !" Then I'd remember and drop back --- "No," I would say, "if God wants the work done he can wake me up and make me want to do it." So I slept on, for ten days or more. Then after I had slept an hour one morning I suddenly grew wide awake, feeling that fresh, alert pleasure that one ought always to feel when waking up. And it came into my mind that I would like to get up and clean the kitchen thoroughly and get ready for a nice lunch and six-oclock dinner. "Ah, that is God working in me," I said to myself; and I got up and put myself in order, and cleaned and planned and cooked all that blessed day, with a keen yet quiet pleasure in my work such as I could not remember ever having experienced before. And at night I was not tired, and the children and their father were angelic.

The next day I had no inclination to sleep. I wanted to clean, and improve things. "Ah, God is putting new desires in me," I thought, and I was glad. There was no more sleeping in the day time. Whenever I had the least inclination to stop work, or

36

to change it, or to rest, or to go visiting, or to "let things slide," I just said, "I am God's and these are his wishes --- I'll do 'em." And I did.

Of course there were times when under stress of extra work, or inharmony in the family, I found it hard to do just as I wanted to. I had slight relapses into the old "I must" conditions, but not many nor serious ones; and I had learned my little lesson.

Here is my understanding of the case : I had never since childhood lived one natural waking hour. Always there was strain, strain, effort, and that horrible disappointment with myself --- that "I must" condition, like a lashed and quivering animal. All this interferes with bodily functions. My system was clogged with waste matter. Now when I once let go with such a will, I was affected all over. The utter letting go induced sleep, and sleep induced more relaxation, which was necessary to elimination of dead cells from the body. During that rest period I was literally re-built and rose a new creature. I never felt so quiet and strong and whole before in my life. I felt new, and I acted so. And best of all I had learned the lesson of not driving myself.

The good effects of that sleep never left me. And after a time, as I thought it all over I came to see that we were meant to love work, and that in a natural undriven state we would love any sort of activity we chose to engage in.

Then it was I began to see that the key to heaven and happiness is held by a little child, who is natural and follows with joy and trust his God-given inclinations. To him work is play. Since that time I have never labored. I play at all I do. I love my

work, every bit of it. And I guard jealously the play spirit in me --- which is the love-spirit. At any moment I find anything becoming work to me I drop it and go play at something else. Or I read, or take a nap --- just as a child does. I have learned better than to let work become work. And by this new way of playing at my work I do twice as much as I used to be able to do, and do it far better, besides loving to do it.

Perhaps you will think all this conduces to irresponsibility --- that one who lives so would fail to be punctual and to keep agreements. But it is not so. The thing one loves to do is done well and promptly. And if one does only as he loves to do it, you could hardly suggest to him any sort of work he would not love to do, and do it on time. Here is an illustration: Chester used to enjoy going on errands for me. He was my trusty messenger always. I could give him money and send him to the store, and all the boys in town could not distract his attention until he had brought back the thing I sent him for. He liked to do it. But Catherine didn't like to run errands. Consequently her attention was side tracked by the first girl who poked her head out of the window and said, "Hello." She stopped for a chat and forgot all about the "must" which had been said to her, and which she fully intended to heed. Chester liked to go, and did it well.

I find from experience that the more completely I work with these spiritual tides of energy the better control I have of them. Just as one is able by a little judicious exercise to bring blood and warmth back into cold hands or feet, so apparently by a little

mental exercise I seem able to direct the spiritual tides to rise as I choose. It may be though, that the tide itself is what makes me do this --- that its rising within me impels me to want to do a certain thing at a certain time. This latter idea might accord more readily with some of the unexplained facts of astrology. At any rate, whichever explanation is correct it is certainly true that I seem to be able to make the tides of spiritual energy rise in any given direction at will. For instance, if I have an article to write at a special date. Whenever I see that my regular work is arranging so that I shall be able to take, say tomorrow morning for the writing, I can invariably get myself "into the mood" at the proper time. I begin the day before. Whenever it occurs to my mind that tomorrow morning I am to write an article I say to myself positively something like this: "Tomorrow I shall be ready to write; I shall want to; tonight I shall rest quietly and wake in the morning fresh and clean and ready to receive from the spirit higher thoughts than ever before, and I shall be able to clothe them in more vital words." I say something like this whenever I happen to remember what I have to do, and especially I do it the last thing before I sleep at night, when I tell "the subjective," the mind which is active whilst we sleep, to get ready for the writing. I doubt if I have failed once in two years to "bring the mood" by this sort of preparation. Every writer will appreciate the immense advantage of being able to bring "the mood" at will, for "the mood" means ease and facility and joy in writing, and no mood means what James Whitcomb Riley is said to have expressed to a certain old lady. She exclaimed,

"Oh, Mr. Riley, how lovely to get a dollar for every word you write, as I hear you do! You must have such piles of money!" But he was equal to the occasion; "Well, you see, madam, sometimes I sit for a whole day and can't think of a damn word."

There are no limits to the possibilities of "bringing the mood." I can bring the mood for anything by beginning in time, so that anything I have to do is a joy. And what I can do you can do if you are resolute and persistent.

Perhaps you will wonder how it will be when I am called unexpectedly to do something. I am always getting ready for this! Whenever I think of it I tell myself that I have "a heart for any fate" --- that it is a pleasure to meet the unexpected --- that I turn instantly with joy, as a child does --- that I am poised and ready for anything. There was a time, when I first realized the importance of being ready for emergencies, that I lived almost night and day for weeks, with that line singing itself in my mind --- "With a heart for any fate" --- and all the time I tried to just let go and trust myself fearlessly, happily to "fate" as a strong swimmer to the water. Because of this constant being ready I rarely meet the unexpected without perfect poise.

Right here let me remind you that these are the sorts of practices which really tell in the healing of one's-self of mental and physical un-wholenesses. The man who takes an hour once a day to "affirm" things, and then lives the rest of the time in his feelings, telling himself he is all sorts of an idiot he doesn't want to be, will make very slow progress compared to the one who sets himself to nip every undesired

40

statement the moment it pops up in his mind --- nip it short and fill its place with an emphatic, resolute statement of its desirable opposite.

What we all like to do we do well. It is the "must" things that go undone and mis-done, and that are continual thorns in our sides and mill-stones about the necks of our spirits --- it is they which make us heavy hearted and unwilling. Better were it, to never do the "must" things than to continually mis-do them and weight ourselves with that sense of discouragement --- which literally paralyzes the motor nerves.

But there is no need of leaving anything undone. I freed myself from duty-things for the time being because I hoped that by doing so I would learn after a time to love to do them. During the first year or two whenever I did find it necessary to do a duty thing I would take great pains with it and as I did it I kept saying over to myself, "I will love to do this --- I do love it --- I do." I did this with cleaning lamps, which I detested. And after a little I grew to enjoy doing it thoroughly.

You see, suggestion rules our lives to a great extent. We begin to clean lamps with the idea that the oil is nasty and we don't like to touch it Then every time we go to clean it we sniff at the oil and permit ourselves that sense of dislike. Then we get so that every time we think of cleaning it we say mentally, "I detest it so." So the impression deepens as we repeat the suggestions time after time, until we really do dislike it.

Now it is easy to replace don't-like suggestions with their opposite. Just get started right. Look at the

41

lamp a bit and think how pretty it will look when clean and trimmed. Then think of the oil as a great cleaner --- remember how it will shine zinc or take pitch off. Then think how nicely hot water and soap will finish the cleaning, and clean white cloths polish it all. Now get plenty of hot water and soap and see how beautifully you can polish chimneys and shades, and what fun you can get out of making an artistic success of that lamp. Play with it ! Talk to it, as a child talks to its playthings ! Enjoy it! Put your thought into your doing. You can make fun out of anything if you persist in putting your mind into your work, instead of doing it as hastily and slightly and with as little thought as you can.

All this time that I was fixing the habit of doing only what I loved to do, I was likewise suggesting to myself over and over, that I loved to do anything I had to do. So I was working from both ends of the matter, and I made a success of it, as one is certain to do if he goes in to win and sticks to it.

If I caught myself thoughtlessly saying, "I don't like to do this," I should turn instantly and take pains to pull up that statement by the roots and throw it out. I should deny the suggestion and affirm that I like to do anything I find to do.

It is God-like to love what we do. It is divine. We are divine, and we should take pains to live divinely --- take pains in detail. For every idle word brings us to judgment and punishment, if the idle statements are left to grow until we come to feel them. About three-quarters of our "don't like" words are not meant at first --- they are idly said. But we have a habit of growing up, or down, to our statements. So

42

we need to look after them in detail --- see to the rooting out of weeds and the sowing of desirable words in our subconsciousness.

I said it is God-like to love what we do. Can you imagine a real God making things he hated to make? Being a God, untrammelled, all-powerful, all-wise, he would make only what he desired to make, would he not? Well, you are a God. Bear the fact in mind and live like one.

This loving to do things, is the spiritual tide I told you of. As I got rid of the false standards of life by which I was trying to force myself to live I could feel more and more easily and certainly these spiritual tides. Instead of "battling" against the forces within me as something "evil" I went with them and let them bear me onward. And as I found them bringing me peace and power to do, and love for doing, I knew they were God's own tides, and I trusted them more fully.

And they made me over, and are still making me over. God's pure blood flows in my veins, God's pure, strong, loving desires flow in my heart, and I AM WHOLE. So I love to do what I choose to do, for it is God's choice. And it is God's love that loves it. Truly, I am altogether God's, therefore am I at peace, and happy, and useful.

"As I am in this world, so are ye." Would you know it, and feel it, as I do? Then live it, and trust it, as I do.

43

[Return to the Top](#)  [Return to the Top](#)

Help us process more books to support your journey

Click here to give your support to New Thought Library

Did you enjoy this Book?

Go to our [donations](#) page and send a [donation](#) today to support this work!

Help us process more books to support your journey

Click here to give your support to New Thought Library

[home](#) | [about us](#) | [new additions](#) | [great links](#) | [audio Books](#) | [Terms Of Service](#) | [contact Serving NewThought](#) |

Copyright © 1998, 2005, 2010, 2011 New Thought Library All rights reserved Vers. 7.29